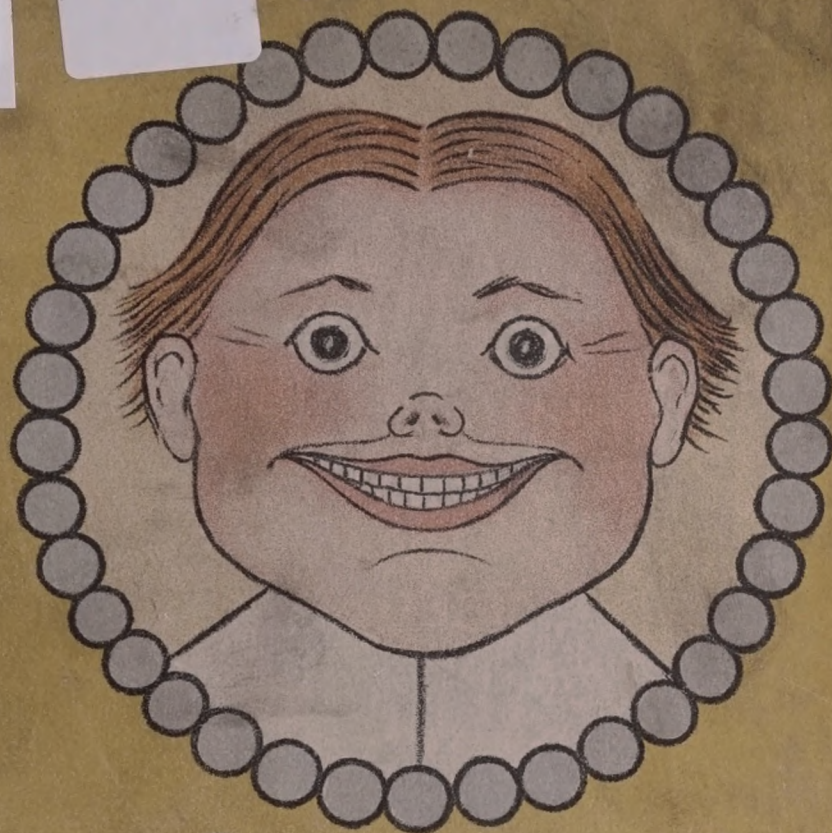


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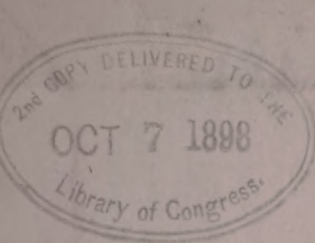
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JANGLE
RHYME-BOOK

BY HENRY BRADFORD SIMMONS



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1898.



THE
**JINGLE JANGLE
RHYME-BOOK**

BY HENRY BRADFORD SIMMONS

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Little Lily on the beach,
Stalwart Stewart within reach,
Hand in hand and splash-a-splash,
In they toddle,—“Don’t be rash!”

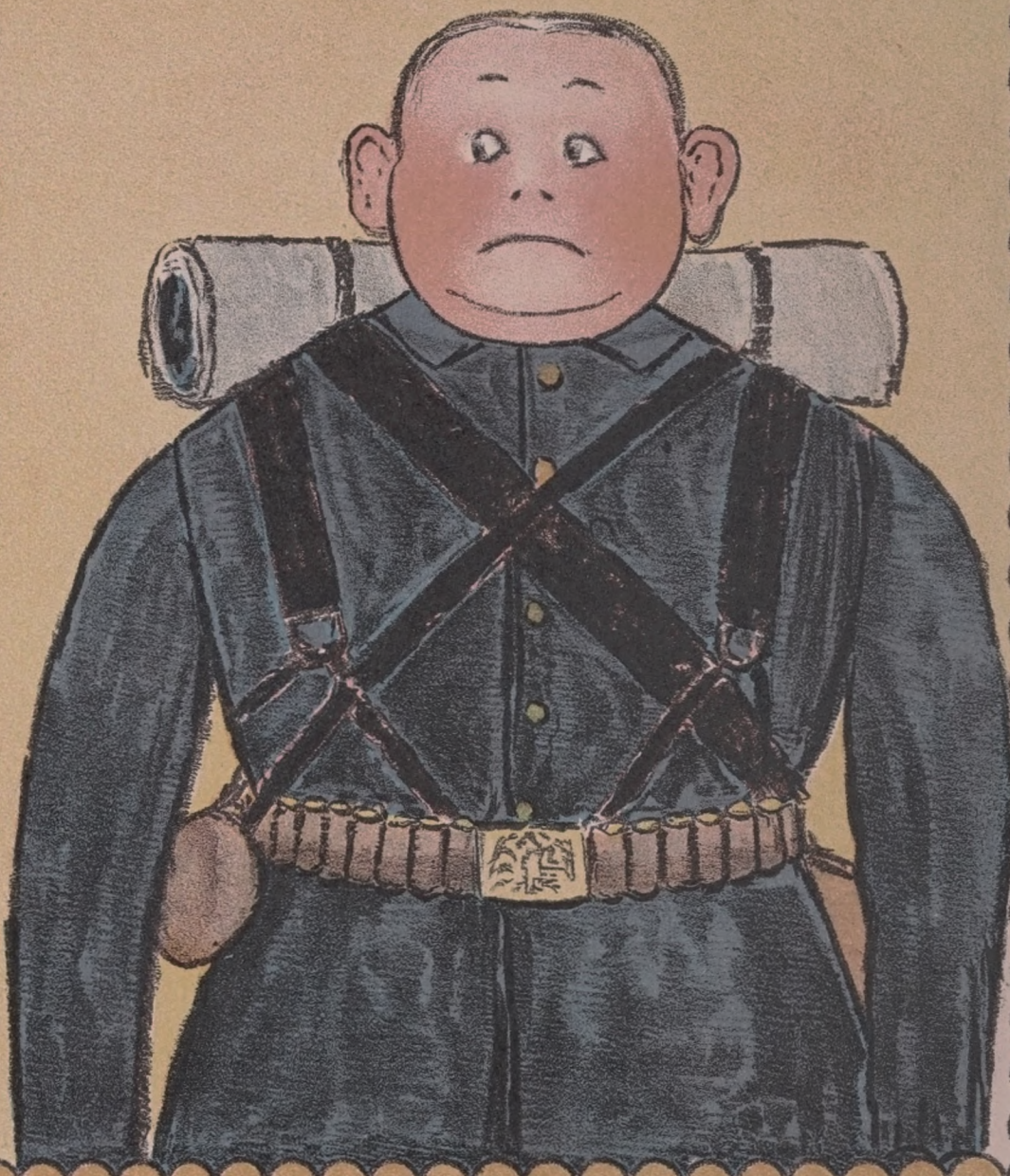


H.B.SIMMONS

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Tommy was his mamma's pet,
But in the ranks enlisted.
It almost broke his mamma's heart
With great sobs she was twisted.
"Don't cry, mamma, mamma dear,
I hate to see you sorrow;
For ten to one, the way I feel,
You'll see me home to-morrow."

H·B·S·I·M·M·O·N·S



Jimmy's hair is fiery red ;
Bridget 's cooking on his head.
In the summer when it 's hot
She would rather cook than not,
For the kitchen 's nice and cool:
Jimmy sits there on a stool.
Strange that Jimmy cries and cries
When he 's such a summer prize!



H.B.SIMMONS.

There was an old lady
Who liked to look young,—
The older she grew
(Yes, ev'ry one knew!)
She dressed younger and younger
Till at ninety-two
She reached baby's rigging
And "Mother Goose" sung.



H.B. STOKES

“Will yo’ lub me, honey dear,
If I grows so fat or sere
Dat yo’ baby look so queer?”

“Guess I will!!”



H.B.
SIMMONS

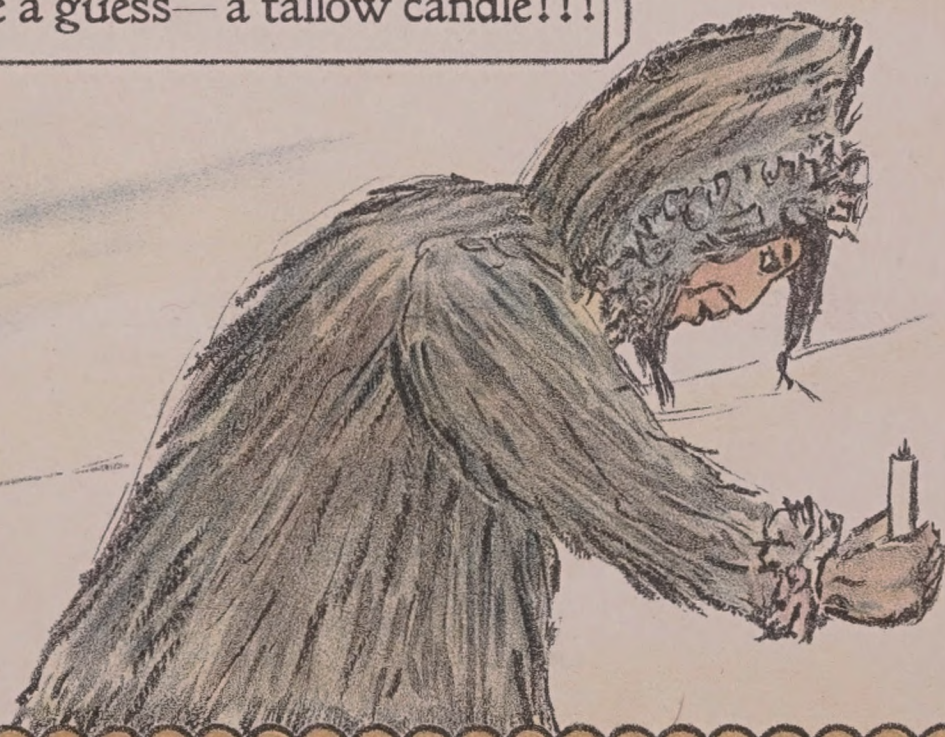
Etelka Kistingner,
The opera singer,
Is bawling away
The whole livelong day.
“Tra, la, la looly,
Fa, la, la, la!” Truly
It's something outrageous!
Do stop her, we pray!!



H.B.SIMMONS

Klondike Bill was starving fast
During Winter weather,
All his food was gone at last,
Even his shoe leather.
He met an Esquimau so brash
“Ah, ha, this man I’ll quickly
handle!”
But paid him twenty dollars cash
For—give a guess—a tallow candle!!!

H.B. SIMMONS



I called upon the Frog-Queen green
Who sat in royal red array
Upon a throne of cabbage leaves
Throughout the merry month of
May.

“Oh, let me linger, Queeny Queen?
Oh, let us coo and kiss-a-kiss!”
Her eyes met mine; so mildly mild
You see the rest, 'twas simply this!!!



H.B.S.—M.M.S.

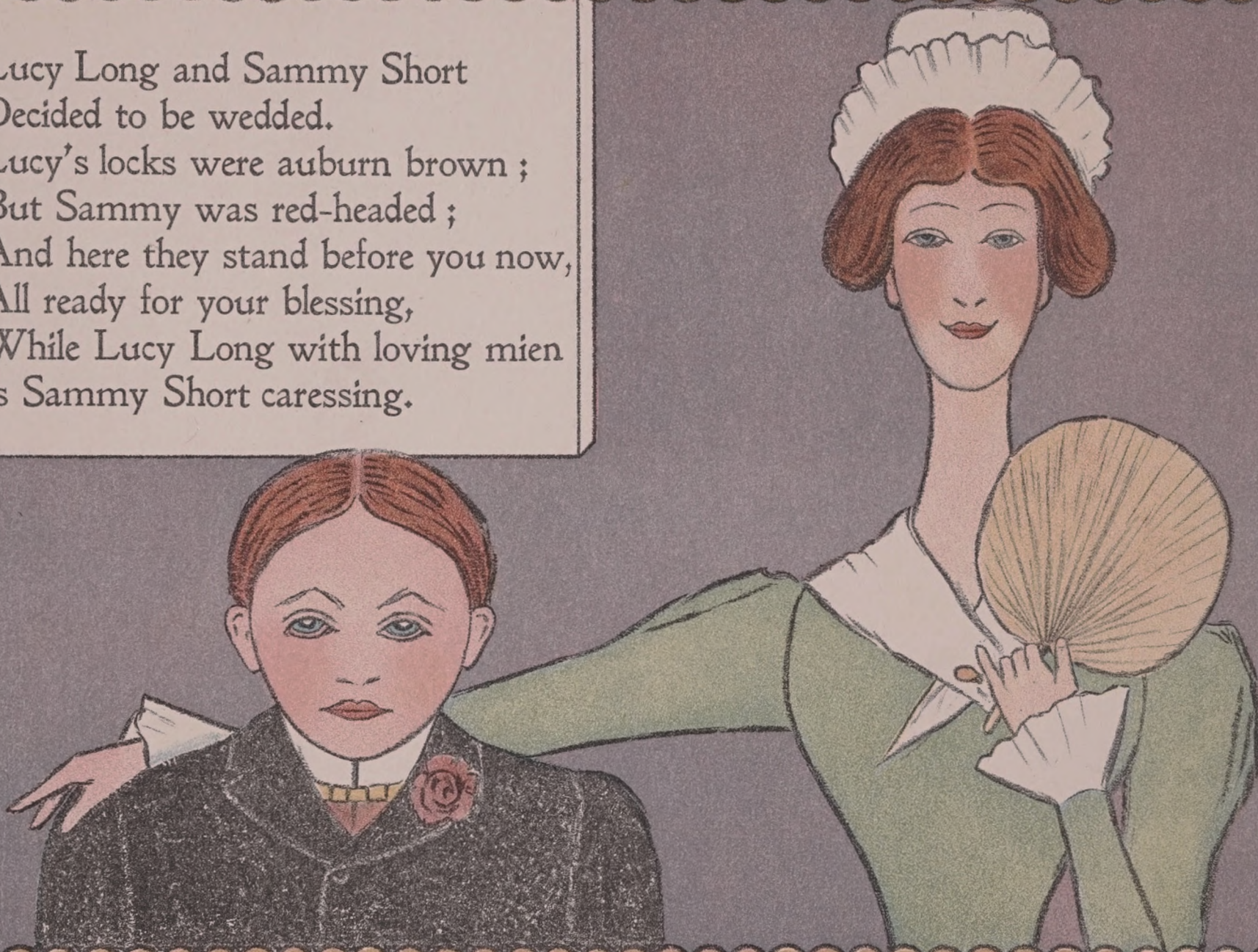
"Susan Jones a-married is;
Eggs and butter both is riz;
Cynthia's bought another gown;
There's a new man in the town."
Very much more they can tell,
At this business they do well.

The other picture given here
Is what they're called
Both far and near!



H. B. SIMMONS

Lucy Long and Sammy Short
Decided to be wedded.
Lucy's locks were auburn brown ;
But Sammy was red-headed ;
And here they stand before you now,
All ready for your blessing,
While Lucy Long with loving mien
Is Sammy Short caressing.



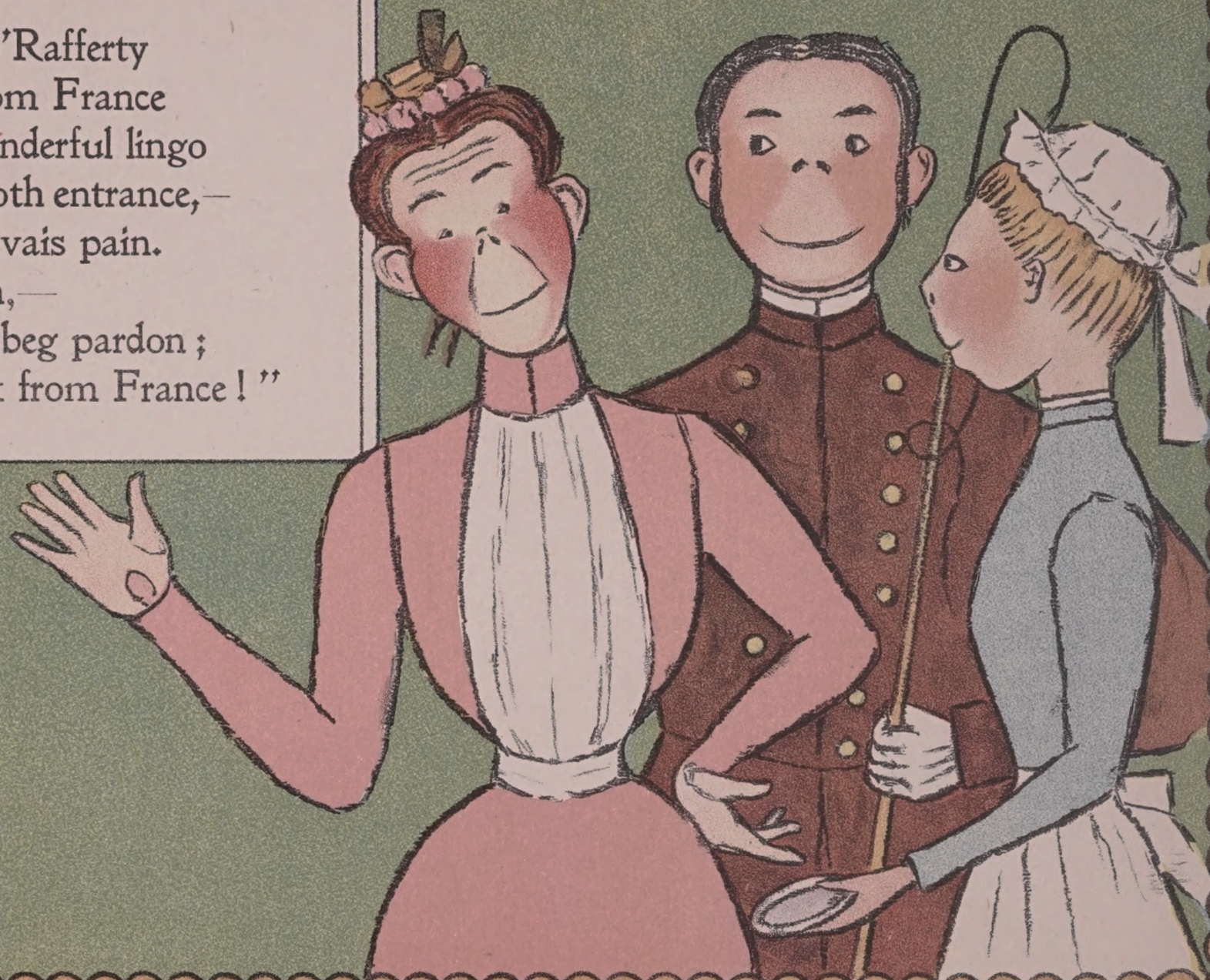
H.B. SIMMONS

Harriet Hare a wonder is
Throughout the town of Brandy;
Her hair in curls would you remind
Of crisp molasses candy;
And in the Spring the little birds
In numbers hover 'round her
To catch stray hairs to line their nests,
And that's the way we found her.



H.B.
SIMMONS

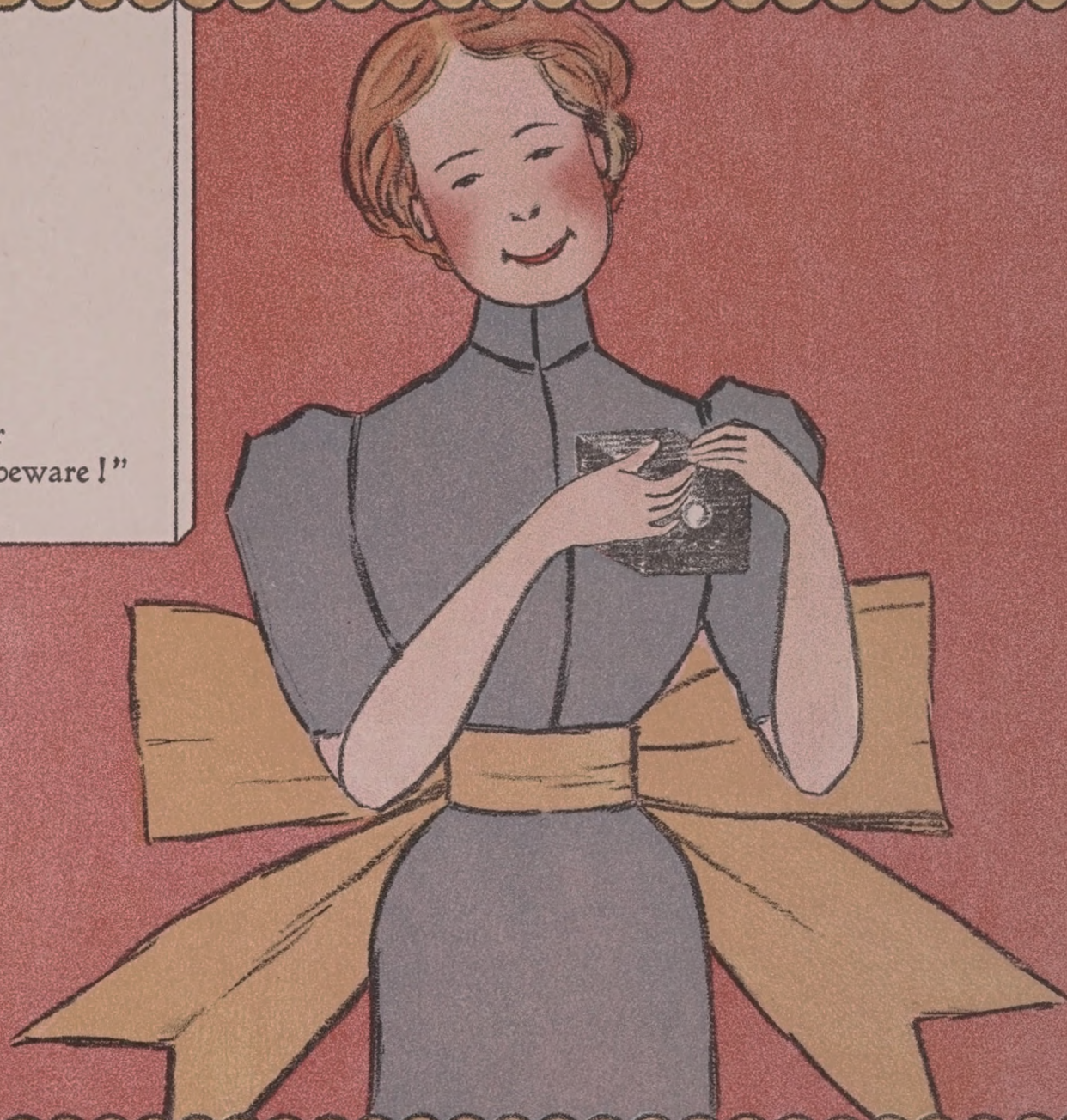
Miss Rosy O'Rafferty
Just home from France
With her wonderful lingo
Her friends doth entrance,—
“Je suis mauvais pain.
Je ne sais rien,—
Excuse me ; beg pardon ;
I'm just back from France ! ”



H.B.SIMMONS

Miss Lou McAvee,
The young lady you see,
Is camera crazy
As ever can be.
She will creep up so sly
As you're passing by,
And take a snap shot
With the greatest of glee.

Look! faithful Teazer in the chair
Just shakes his head and barks "beware!"



H.B.SIMMONS

Our good country cousin has come
up to town,
And wears her new bonnet and
alpaca gown.
As through the green park
She meanders each day,
Ev'ry one turns and smiles
At her comical way.



H.B. SIMMONS

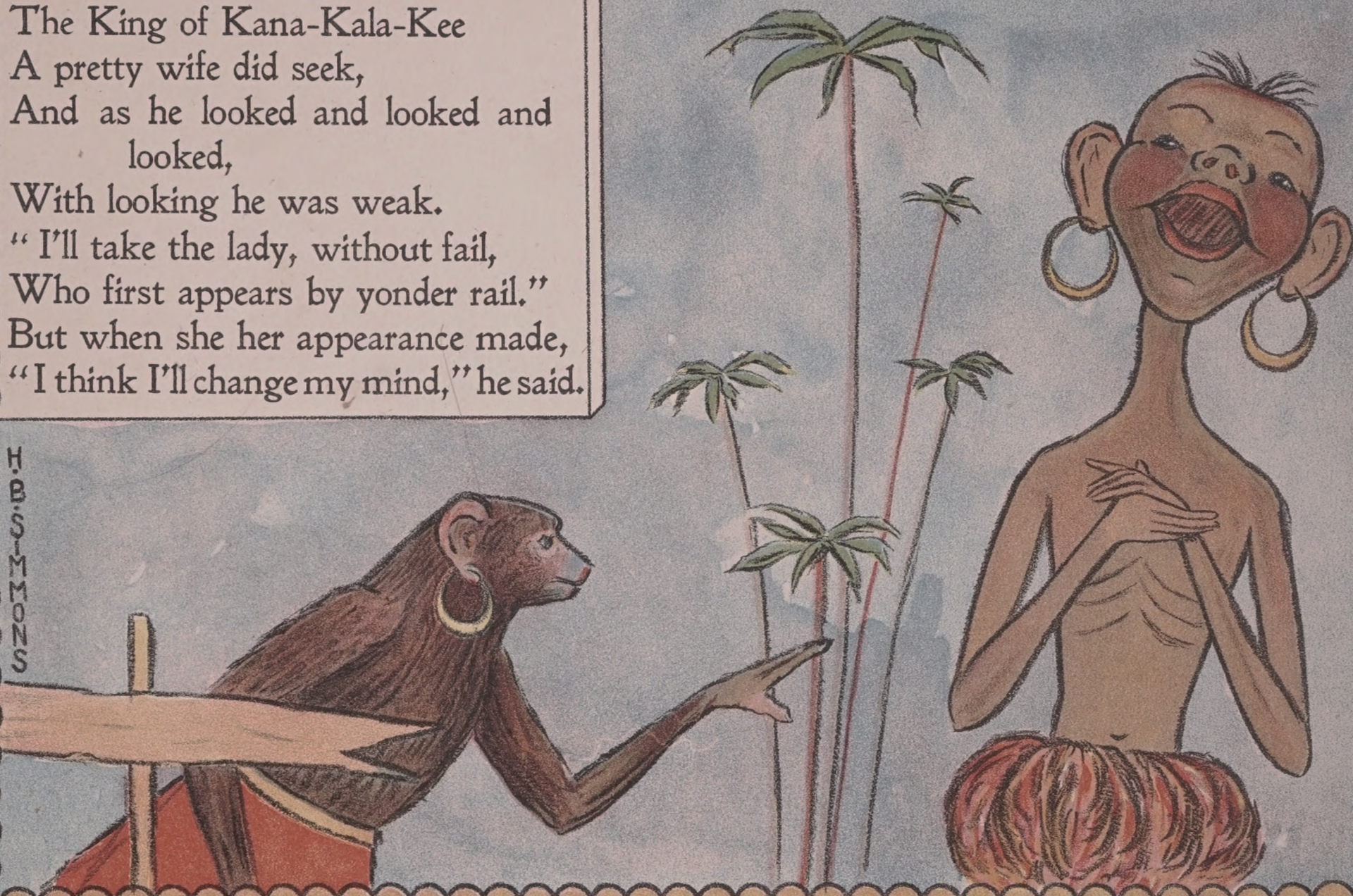
Mother Graybill and her cat
Live together in a flat.
She tells fortunes every day
In a very truthful way.
Come along and bring a dime ;
She will please you every time !



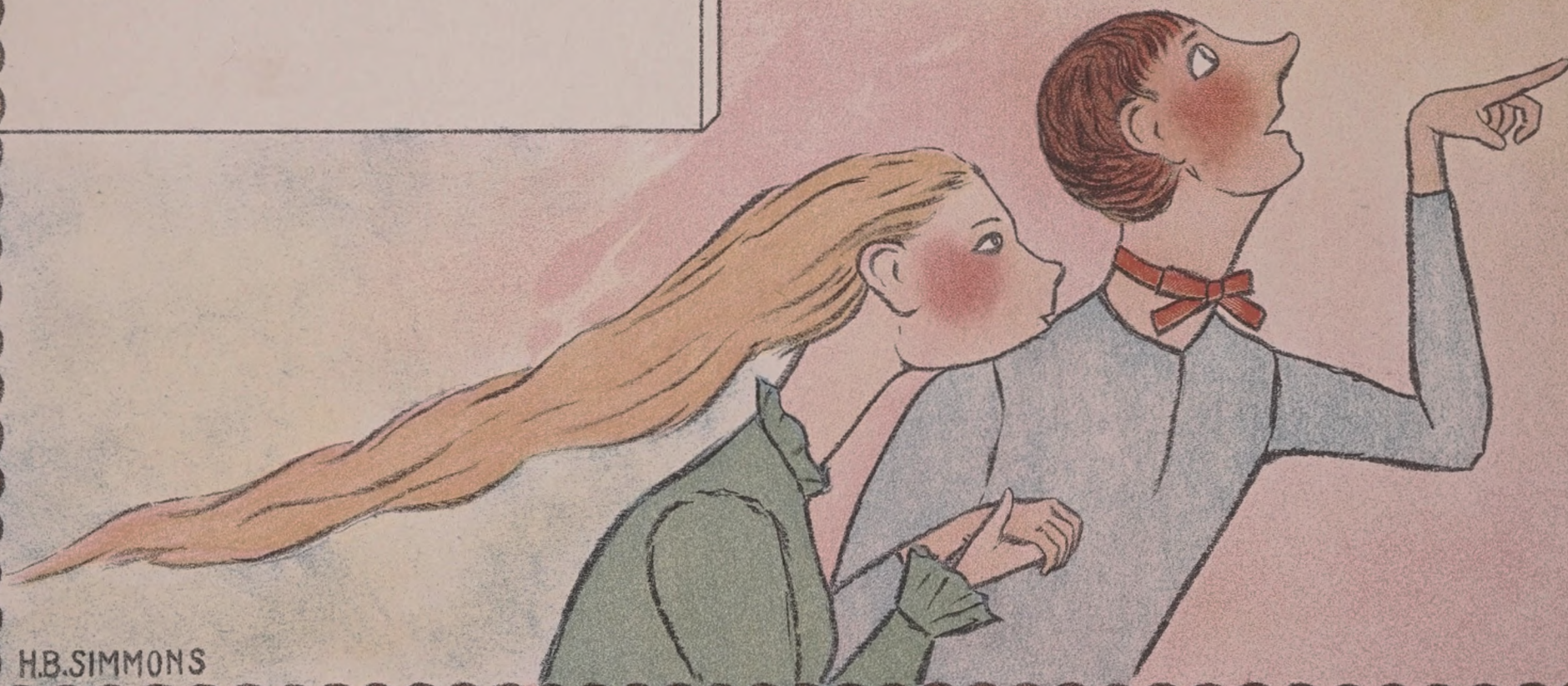
H.B.
SIMMONS

The King of Kana-Kala-Kee
A pretty wife did seek,
And as he looked and looked and
looked,
With looking he was weak.
"I'll take the lady, without fail,
Who first appears by yonder rail."
But when she her appearance made,
"I think I'll change my mind," he said.

H.B. SIMMONS



“ Oh, fly with me, my beautiful !
Come see where Leeloo loves to look ;
Come where the doodoo dings all day ;
Come sit with me beside the brook .”



H.B.SIMMONS

Huberta is a famous belle,
And few with her compare do.
Of broken hearts she keeps a string ;
No men of her beware do.
Gaze on her walking down the street,
On either side a chappy !
Now on them both she casts a smile,
Just see, they look quite happy.



H.B. SIMMONS

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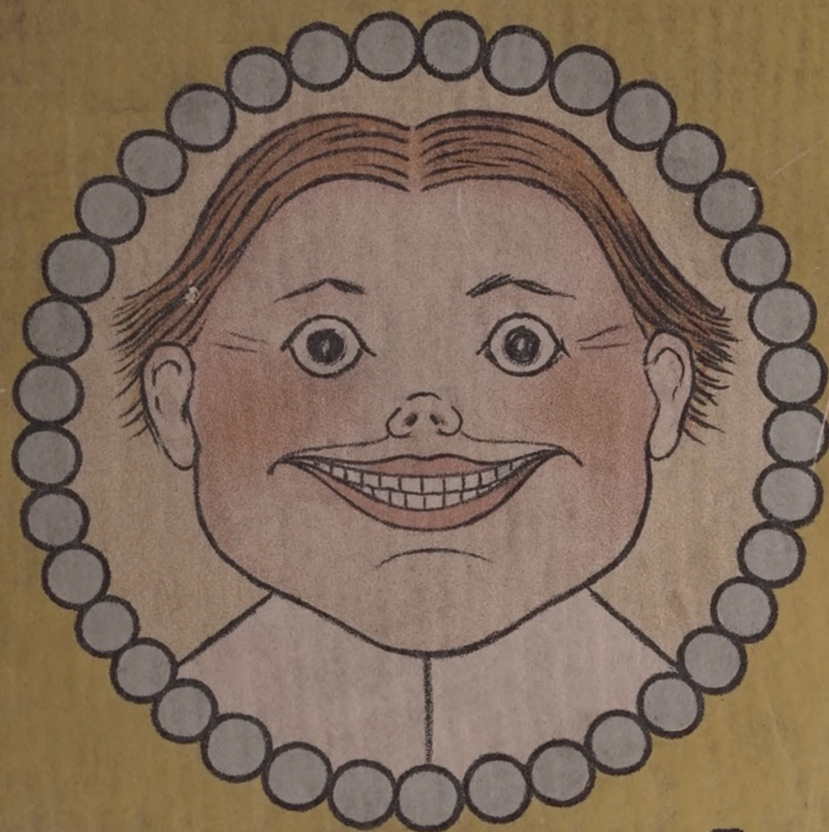
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THE

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